



T H E

Maiden's Complaint

F O R T H E

Loss of her SHEPHERD.

A New Song

AS thro' yonder grove I walked,
In a summer's evening clear,
A youthful maiden I espied,
Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

Dearest Strephon, I shall see you,
Never more, alas! I fear;
You must fight the French and Spaniards
Must I leave you thus my dear?

On these banks no more you'll rest you,
Whilst with pleasure you see your lambs
With looks so innocent and gentle,
Sport beside their fleecy dams.

To the wake no more you'll take me,
Where the lads and lasses go;
In the garden I ne'er shall meet you,
Where the pretty flowers grow.

Neptune, God of Britain's ocean,
Guard my Strephon when he's away,
Send him safe to England's shore,
And let me see the happy day.

Gentle Strephon be but constant,
As I'll be to you my Life;
And if you'll come home again,
The priest shall make us Man and
Wife.

